

The Critic

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Authors at Home.* IX.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON AT CAMBRIDGE.

COLONEL HIGGINSON looks back on the anti-slavery period as on something quite unusual in human experience. He believes there has been no other movement of the moral consciousness in man since the period of the Puritan upheaval which has given such mental quickening and force to those taking part in it. He sees in it the better part of his training as an author; and it has guided him in his relations to the social and intellectual agitations of his time. His training as a reformer he cannot forget; and he still remains first of all the friend of human progress. In 1850, he lost his pulpit in Newburyport because of his zealous advocacy of the anti-slavery cause, in season and out of season. At the same time, he was the Free-soil candidate for Congress in the Northeastern district of Massachusetts. He became the pastor of a Free Church in Worcester, not connected with any sect, and organized quite as much in behalf of freedom in politics as for the sake of freedom in religion. He was connected with all the most stirring anti-slavery scenes in Boston, and he eagerly favored physical resistance to the encroachments of the pro-slavery party. He joined in the Anthony Burns riot, in which he was wounded, and which failed only through a misunderstanding. He was a leader in organizing Free-soil parties for Kansas, and spent six weeks in the territory in that behalf. He was one of those who planned a party for the rescuing of John Brown after his sentence at Harper's Ferry; and he early offered his services to the Governor of Massachusetts on the breaking out of the Civil War. His zeal for the blacks was so well known, that it inspired the following lines of some anonymous poetizer:

There was a young curate of Worcester
Who could have a command if he'd choose ter;
But he said each recruit
Must be blacker than soot
Or else he'd go preach where he used ter!

In fact, he recruited two companies in the vicinity of Worcester, and was given a captain's commission. While yet in camp he received the appointment to the Colonely of the First South Carolina Volunteers—the first slave regiment mustered into the service of the United States during the late Civil War,—nearly six months previous to Colonel Shaw's famous regiment, the 54th Mass. Volunteers.

Col. Higginson signed the first call, in 1850, for a national convention of the friends of woman's suffrage, which was held in Worcester. One of the leaders of that movement since, his fifteen-years' defence of it in the columns of *The*

Woman's Journal shows the faithfulness of his devotion. His connection with the Free Religious Association proves that he has been true to the faith of his youth, and to his refusal to connect himself with any sect in entering the pulpit. When that association lost its pristine glow and devotion, with the passing of the Transcendental period, he still remained faithful to his early idea, that all religious truth comes by intuition. His addresses before it on 'The Sympathy of Religions' and on 'The Word Philanthropy' indicate the direction of his faith in humanity and in its development into ever better social, moral and spiritual conditions.

Whatever the value of the Independent movement in politics, which has given us a change in the political administration of the country for the first time in a quarter of a century, it doubtless owes its inception and strength largely to those men, like Curtis, Higginson and Julian, who were enlisted heart and soul in the anti-slavery agitation, and who got there a training which has made them impatient of party manipulation and wrong-doing. Had these men not been trained to believe in man more than in party, there would have been no Independent organization and no revolution in our politics. In 1880, Col. Higginson was on the committee of one hundred for the organization of a new party in case Grant was nominated for a third term; and four years previously he placed himself in line with the Independents. In 1884, he was the mover of the resolution in the Boston Reform Club for the calling of a convention, out of which grew the Independent movement of that year. The resolutions reported by him were taken up in the New York convention and the spirit of them carried to successful issue. He was a leading speaker for the Independents during the campaign, giving nearly thirty addresses in the States of Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey. The chairman of the Massachusetts committee wrote him after the campaign of the great value of his services, and thanked him in the most flattering terms in behalf of the Independents of the State.

Col. Higginson is an author who finds his intellectual inspiration in contact with Nature and man, as well as in books. His essays on out-door life, and on physical culture, show the activity of his nature and his zeal for all kinds of knowledge. He easily interests himself in all subjects; he can turn his mind readily from one pursuit to another, and he enjoys all with an equal relish. He has a love of mathematics such as few men possess; and, when in college, Prof. Peirce anticipated that would be the direction of his studies. During the time of the anti-slavery riots he one day met the Professor in the street, and remarked to him that he should enjoy an imprisonment of several months for the sake of the leisure it would give him to read La Place's 'Mécanique Céleste.' 'I heartily wish you might have that opportunity,' was the Professor's reply; for he disliked the anti-slavery agitation as much as he loved his own special line of studies. Col. Higginson has also been an enthusiastic lover of natural history, and he could easily have given his life to that pursuit. Perhaps not less ardent has been his interest in the moral and political sciences, to the practical interpretation of which his life has always been more or less devoted. Not only has he been the champion of the reforms already mentioned, but he has been the zealous friend of education. For three years a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, he has also been on the visiting committees of Harvard University and the Bridgewater Normal School for several years. He was in the Massachusetts Legislature during 1880 and 1881. He has been an active member of the Social Science Association; and he is at present the president of the Round Table which grew out of that organization.

This versatility of talent and activity has had its important influence on Col. Higginson's life as an author. It has given vitality, freshness and a high aim to his work; but it has perhaps scattered its force. All who have read his princi-

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pal works, as now published in a uniform edition by Lee & Shepard, will have noted that they embody many phases of his activity. There are the purely literary essays, the two volumes of Newport stories and sketches, the out-door essays, the volume of army reminiscences, and the volume of short essays (from *The Independent*, *Tribune*, and *Woman's Journal*) devoted to the culture and advancement of woman. The admiring readers of the best of these volumes can but regret that in recent years his attention has been so exclusively drawn to historical writing. Though his later work has been done in the finest manner, it does not give a free opportunity for the expression of Col. Higginson's charming style and manner. The day when he returns to purely original work, in the line of his own finished and graceful interpretations of nature and life, will be hailed with joy by the lovers of his books.

Any account of the personal characteristics of Col. Higginson would be imperfect which omitted to mention his success as a public speaker and as an after-dinner orator. He was trained for public speaking on the anti-slavery platform, a better school than any now provided for the development of youthful talent. When preaching in Worcester he began to deliver literary lectures before the flourishing lyceums of that day. As a lecturer he was successful; and he continued for many years to be a favorite of the lyceum-goers, until the degeneracy of the popular lecture caused him to withdraw from that field of literary effort. The lecture on 'The Aristocracy of the Dollar,' which he now occasionally gives to special audiences, has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been transformed many times. Another well-worn lecture is that on 'Literature in a Republic,' which he repeats less often. Among his other subjects have been 'Thinking Animals' (instinct and reason) and 'How to Study History.' The paper in the *Atlantic Essays* on 'The Puritan Minister' long did duty as a lyceum lecture; and those who have read it can but think it well fitted to the purpose.

On the platform Col. Higginson is self-controlled in manner, and strong in his reserved power. He does not captivate his hearer by the rush and swing and over-mastering weight of his oratory, but by the freshness, grace and finish of his thought. He often appears on the platform in Cambridge and Boston in behalf of the causes for which those cities are noted, and no one is more popular or listened to with greater satisfaction. Perhaps he only needs the passion and the stormy vigor of a cause which completely commands and carries captive his nature to make one of the most successful of popular orators. During the recent political campaign his addresses were marked by their force and fire; and he was called for wherever there was a demand for an enthusiastic and vigorous presentation of the Independent position. As an after-dinner speaker, however, Col. Higginson's gifts shine out most clearly and reveal the charm of his style to the best advantage.

It is the public rather than the private side of Col. Higginson's character which has been thus revealed; but it is the side which is most important to the understanding and appreciation of his books. It is the quiet and busy life of the scholar and man-of-letters he leads in Cambridge; but of a man-of-letters who is intensely interested in all that pertains to his country's welfare and all that makes for the elevation of humanity. He is ready at any moment to leave his books and his pen to engage in affairs, and in settling questions of public importance, when the cause of right and truth demands. Quickly and keenly sympathetic with the life of his time, he will never permit the writing of books to absorb his heart to the exclusion of whatever human interests his country calls him to consider.

Born and bred in Cambridge, Col. Higginson lived in Newburyport, Worcester and Newport from 1847 to 1878. In the latter year he returned to Cambridge, and took up his residence in a house near the University. Soon after he built a house on Observatory Hill, between Cambridge

Square and Mount Auburn Cemetery, on ground over which he played as a boy. It is a plain-looking structure, in the Queen Anne style, but very cosy and home-like within. The hall is taken from an old family mansion in Portsmouth; and many other features of the house are from old New-England dwellings. A sword presented to Col. Higginson by the freedmen of Beaufort, S. C., the colors borne by his regiment, and other relics of the Civil War decorate the hall. To the left on entering is the study, along one side of which are well-filled bookshelves, on another a piano, while a bright fire burns in the open grate. Beyond is a smaller room, lined on all sides with books, in which Col. Higginson does his writing. Many indications of an artistic taste appear throughout the house; and everywhere there are signs of the domestic comfort the Colonel enjoys so much. His present wife is a niece of Longfellow's first wife. Her literary tastes have found expression in her 'Seashore and Prairie,' a volume of pleasant sketches, in the publication of which Longfellow took a hearty interest; and in her 'Room for One More,' a delightful children's book. Domestic in his tastes, his home is to Col. Higginson the centre of the world. Its 'bright, particular star' is the little maiden of three or four summers, his only child, to whom he is devotedly attached. His happiest hours are spent in her company, and in watching the growth of her mind.

Everything about Col. Higginson's house indicates a refined and cultivated taste, but nothing of the dilettante spirit is to be seen. He loves what is artistic, but he prefers not to sacrifice to it the home feeling and the home comforts. He writes all the better for his quiet and home-keeping environment, and for the wide circle of his social and personal relations with the best men and women of his time. His literary work is done in the morning, and he seldom takes up the pen after the task of the forenoon is accomplished. His brief essays for *Harper's Bazar* are written rapidly, and at a single heat; but his other work is done slowly and deliberately, with careful elaboration and thorough revision. In this manner he wrote his review of Dr. Holmes' 'Emerson' in *The Nation*; and his essays in the same periodical following the deaths of Longfellow, Emerson, and Phillips. At present he finds great attraction in American history, and his principal work is being done in that direction. He thoroughly enjoyed the writing of his papers recently published in *Harper's Monthly*; and he entered on the task of hunting out the illustrations and the illustrative details with an antiquarian's zeal and a poet's love of the romantic. His recent address on a Revolutionary vagabond shows the fascination which the old-time has for him in all its features of quaintness, romance and picturesqueness.

As Col. Higginson walks along the street, much of the soldier's bearing appears; for he is tall and erect, and keeps the soldier's true dignity of movement. His chivalric spirit pervades much that he has written, but it is tempered and refined by the artistic instinct for grace and beauty. He has the manly and heroic temper, but none of the soldier's rudeness or love of violence. So he appears in his books as of knightly metal, but as a knight who also loves the rôle of the troubadour. A master of style, he does not write for the sake of decoration and ornament. He is emphatically a scholar and a lover of books, but not in the scholastic sense. A lover of ideas, an idealist by nature and conviction, he sees in the things of the human spirit what is more than all the scholar's lore and knowledge wrung from the physical world. He is a scholar who learns of men and events more than of books; and yet what wealth of classic and literary allusion is his throughout all his books and addresses! Whether in the study or in the camp, on the platform or in the State House, his tastes are literary and scholarly; but his sympathies are with all that is natural, manly and progressive.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

Reviews

Johnson's Oriental Religions: "Persia."*

THE concluding volume of Samuel Johnson's great work on the Oriental Religions has now been given to the public in the form in which it was left by the author at his death. He lived to complete it, with the exception of a chapter or two, but it did not receive that careful revision to which he would have subjected it. The volume is edited by his brother-in-law, the Rev. A. M. Haskell, of West Roxbury, and it is supplied with an introduction by Johnson's intimate friend, Mr. O. B. Frothingham, who gives an admirable summary of the author's plan and purpose in the writing of these volumes, and defends him from the charge of incompetence from his want of acquaintance with Sanskrit and other Oriental languages. This charge would be a valid one, and not at all met by Mr. Frothingham, if Johnson had undertaken that kind of work which depends on the absolutely correct rendering and interpretation of a text. His purpose was a larger and a more comprehensive one than this, and one that demanded more of philosophic insight than of historic accuracy. It was no other than the interpretation of the origin and development of the religions of India, China and Persia, as understood from the standpoint of one who believes that all national religions will finally merge in a universal religion based on reason. Mr. Johnson belonged to the Transcendental school of thought, and he interpreted the historic religions with the aid of a profound conviction of the worth of religion as an ideal and a motive. His sympathetic attitude of mind towards the ethnic religions, though often causing him to appear unjust to Christianity, really made him appreciative of what was and is best in them. In this respect, it is not too much to say that no other writer on these subjects has approached to his wonderful insight and to his remarkable historic apprehension. He writes of Buddhism and the other Asiatic faiths as one native to their most zealous beliefs might have done. He discusses the religions of India, China and Persia in all their aspects, not only as forms of worship and systems of faith, but as applied to ethics, government and civilization. This largeness of treatment makes itself apparent in every chapter of his three volumes.

The present volume is devoted to the religions of Persia, including those of Zarathustra and Mohammed, as well as Manichæism and Gnosticism, and the relations of the Hebrews to Persia. He finds that the religion of personal will originated in Persia; there first sprang up into distinct form the belief in one God. Rather, there the idea of God as a personal being, a being of personal will and authority, first gave itself a clear form and made itself powerful in the affairs of men. The first part of the volume is, therefore, devoted to the advent of the religion of personal will, which finds expression in symbolism and in the development of moral sense. We cannot always agree with Mr. Johnson's conclusions or with his theories, but we believe he has done more than any one else to show the part which Persia has played in the world's progress. He is too unsympathetic towards Christianity, and too little appreciative of what was best in Hebraism. Yet his work is singularly free from the spirit of sectarian bias, and from the disposition to belittle one religion in behalf of another. His position was distinctly that of the Free Religious Association, and his books must be read with that fact in mind. Like all Transcendentalists, he laid too little stress on the historic side of religious development, and he believed that the universal religion must be an outgrowth of reason and the development of human thought and feeling. On the other hand, we believe that a religion which is worthy of the name universal must be the outgrowth of some historic religion, which gradually absorbs others, because of its inherent worth and fitness. However that may be, the present volume is a fit successor to Mr.

Johnson's volumes on India (1872) and China (1877). The whole work is one of the highest merit and ability, not because of its mere scholarship and its critical interpretations, but because of the sympathetic light it has thrown on the religions of that vast Eastern world of which his volumes treat. He has done much to bring those religions closely home to our apprehension, and to let us see and understand them in their spirit rather than in their letter.

"Tenants of an Old Farm."*

'Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider her ways and be wise' seems to be the watchword of a very charming school of naturalists rising among us, whose sharpened vision sees a thousand-fold more in the world than is dreamed of in our incurious philosophies, and whose happy style embalms what they see in agreeable literary form. Since White of Selborne wrote his immortal book and Watterton travelled in South America, the tide of literary natural history books has been gradually rising, until it reached its flush in the brilliant volumes of Wallace on the Eastern Archipelago and Darwin's record of his unobtrusive scientific journey. In this country the art of literary expression applied to the multifarious phenomena of the fields and forests has reached exquisite precision in the pages of Thoreau and Burroughs, and has won numerous votaries and imitators. Our woods and gardens are more or less alive with eager amateurs, anxious to show that they see and hear the sights and sounds of nature: folk training their senses and their powers of observation after the fashion of Agassiz and Haeckel, and with the methods of the Zoölogic Schools of Naples and the Chesapeake—actual manipulation.

Dr. McCook, in his 'Tenants of an Old Farm,' extends the practice and the tradition very happily, and gives us in a volume full of delightful talk and illustrations the story of the numerous 'uninvited guests'—ants, spiders, moths, crickets, bumble-bees, cave-dwelling insects, wasps, and locusts,—which either 'tenanted' his farm or hold possession of his rich and experienced memory. And his stores of special knowledge in this entomological department are elicited by a process which somebody—was it Lowell?—said was characteristic of Goethe or Madame de Staël—'milking other people's minds.' For there is a friendly and curious 'cloud of witnesses' around: a certain Aunt Hannah, a smiling wife, a Sary Ann, an Old Dan, and an inquisitorial Abby (who is a sort of glorified Rollo-Jonas in petticoats), who act as hydraulic pumps and bring up the hidden waters of observation and experience that lie latent in the author's mind. Among these simple *dramatis personæ* revolves the action of the story, which is nothing short of a very accurate study of the habits of insects, accompanied by pictures full of truth and humor. If you want to learn something about those dainty geometricians—the silver-eyed spiders—turn to the Doctor's rambles in that field, and you will learn more of woven and textile mathematics than you ever suspected before. Euclid suspended to a tree, in the shape of an exquisite silken fabric diagramed in radiating threads and dew-drops on a June morning, is a most pleasing object-lesson. Again, allow yourself, like Abby, to be converted from shivers and shudders at that 'horrid caterpillar' to a close and loving inspection of the wonderful creature—all hairs, and rings, and wrinkles, and starry spots,—a creature more marvellously organized than even you yourself, perhaps. And look at the *pupa*-palace—the grub inside of its flossy house woven of sheeny fibres that coil and cling like stretched elastic threads of light, this way and that, into a swaddling robe of silk fit for a king! The 'history of a bumble-bee' will tell you of lucent hexagons and honeyed hay-fields and quaint buzzers mathematically inclined. Insect engineering shows a class of classically cultured *arachnæ* that are turret-builders, bridge-builders, and balloonists, from whom students at the Ecole des Ponts

* Persia. By Samuel Johnson. With an Introduction by O. B. Frothingham. \$5. (Oriental Religions, and Their Relation to Universal Religion. Vol. III.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Tenants of an Old Farm. By H. C. McCook. \$2.50. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

might gather many a 'wrinkle.' In the realm of emmets nothing seems difficult or impossible, from river-crossing to parasol-carrying. What more gay and fantastic than the amphibious water-spider 'walking the water like a thing of life?' The 'sermons in ants' are apparently inexhaustible; and the seventeen-year-under-grounders—the locusts—with their pertinacious instincts, the bog-worms that feed on pine, the insect tailors that sew up their larvæ in leaves, and the paper-making wasps and hornets with their multitudinous eyelike cells of translucent parchment, afford themes no less interesting. Dr. McCook has given us a capital book on these things—the true 'fugitive poetry' of nature.

"Trajan." *

IT IS a pleasure to have only praise for 'Trajan.' Perhaps its most noticeable feature is that it is a novel with an atmosphere. It purports to be a story of Paris, and it is Paris. Not that it is a story of Parisians, or that it aims either at being an analysis of French character or a description of French life. With the exception of the French politics and historical episodes that, as events, form an important part of the plot, one closes the book with hardly an impression of a Frenchman or of the peculiarities of French life or customs. It is outward Paris,—Paris with its brilliant boulevards, its delicious little *café* dinners, its sunny gardens,—not gay, voluptuous, pleasure-loving Paris, nor yet wicked, dazzling, dangerous Paris, that is given with such effect. Even those of us who do not love our Paris as much as some others of us do, and who, if found good enough to go there when we die, would try to plead off in favor of the Tyrol or of Colorado, feel a sudden glow at the heart, remembering how we, too, have wandered through those sunny gardens, and idled away our time on those brilliant boulevards, and eaten those delicious little dinners. It is impossible to say how these effects are managed; the author possesses that 'je ne sais quoi' in dealing with his subject which may be called the art of description without describing, or of describing without description. There is no effort, no analysis, no enumeration of details; but there is a picture left in your mind not easily effaced. So striking is this beauty of detail, that although the novel is decidedly one of action and incident, it is the detail which is left prominent in the reader's memory. Close your eyes when you have finished the story, and you will find yourself thinking, not of Trajan in prison, but of Elliot feeding the sparrows in the gardens of the Luxembourg.

At the same time, the novel is emphatically one of plot and incident; a plot definite and exciting, on which all the detail is brought to bear, and in which startling events of actual history are made the forces to mould the destinies and the characters of the *dramatis personæ*, who are all Americans. Even here the treatment of a great political situation, the last great wrench that made the French Empire a Republic, is purely the outward treatment of an observer who chronicles facts. There is no attempt to analyze the forces that brought about the situation, no effort to comment on the results that may be expected to follow it. But the situation itself is most vividly and finely put before us. To those who were not in France at the time, it is a picturesque presentation of immense facts; to those of us who were there, it recalls with wonderful distinctness those days when the long-forbidden 'Marsellaise' rang out suddenly from the piano of every house, and from the orchestra between the acts at every theatre, though the troops leaving for the war marched through the streets with a sullen, dogged air, uncheered by music or huzzahs, in a way that boded no good to the golden bees, in the eyes of those of us who had seen troops march to battle when every man knew what he was fighting for and would rather die than not fight for it. Then came the fateful days when the Ollivier ministry resigned; when through the streets of gay, beautiful Paris,

crept the pitiful wagons labelled 'To remove useless mouths from the city;' when we watched with fascinated suspicion those other immense wagons loaded with 'Best St. Louis flour;' when we saw live cattle and sheep turned into the lovely Bois de Boulogne; and when those who did not care to practise their separable verbs in France, packed their trunks for Havre, to hear there the first shout for the Republic, and to see, ten minutes afterward, workmen busy with hammer and chisel, knocking away the glittering letters of her gilded name from the 'Napoleon III.' just in from New York, and tearing off every shining 'N,' or anything that could possibly be supposed to resemble a golden bee.

As the plot thickens, the part that Trajan plays is admirably managed. Well known as an ardent Republican, he is asked to render important service to the Empire and to Eugénie and Napoleon personally. It is distinctly understood that he is not cringing with servile devotion to an Emperor in power, but trying to save France from the fearful consequences of the deeds of an Emperor rapidly losing his power. The situation is unique and striking, and, by a wise and delicate touch, Trajan does serve the Republic the best of turns: he saves the life of the Emperor at a time when his death at the head of his troops, fighting nominally for France, might have restored the faith of the volatile French people in the golden bees. The young Republican knows he can trust the Republic to come of itself; meanwhile, he thinks it no shame to help France, whether empire or republic, against 'those banded robbers, the Prussians.'

It is always interesting to see how a new author accepts human nature. If he is young, we look for a great deal of cynicism and satire, for colossal types of wickedness, and a general belief in the terrible frivolity of society. It is a pleasure to find none of this crudeness in 'Trajan.' One would suppose the author had followed Thackeray's advice to 'wait till you come to forty year,' before judging of life and your fellowmen. There is no effort to expose all the wickedness of the wicked, wicked world; no posing on the part of the author as a sort of dude in immorality, taking no very active part in what is going on, but familiar, O perfectly familiar, with it all, and giving you the benefit of what he thinks he observes through his penetrating eye-glass. In other words, the author is not one of those very clever and very fastidious writers, who wish to warn you of what is going on all about you; imploring you to take a secure position out of reach of it all, while they obligingly stand within range to report; enabling you, as it were, to see round a corner what it is not desirable for you to see by direct gaze. Like Thackeray again, the author of 'Trajan' has a tender spot in his heart for even his adventuress. Theo is the creature of circumstance, not of total depravity; like Becky Sharp, she would have been good if she had had five hundred pounds a year. There is something wrong about her, of course, that she yields to circumstance; but it is not all wrong. It is the same with Elliot—poor, foolish, deluded Elliot. He has his virtues; we do not remember him as Theo's dupe; we remember him as he sat feeding the sparrows in the gardens of the Luxembourg. Finally, over the whole lingers that brilliant touch, indescribable as the author's power of description, which makes the book one of the most entertaining, as well as one of the finest, novels of the year.

"Montcalm and Wolfe."

IN the present work Mr. Parkman skips one volume of his series on the French in North America, and gives us the concluding scenes in that drama of conflict and conquest. The great importance of the historic events which he describes so vividly and picturesquely is determined by the fact that they settled the relations of France and England to each other and to the whole world. The conquest of Canada by the English determined their supremacy in the

* Trajan. By Henry F. Keenan. \$1.50. New York: Cassell & Co.

* Montcalm and Wolfe. By Francis Parkman. Two vols. \$5. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

affairs of Europe as well as America. It is perhaps idle to speculate as to the difference it would have made to the course of Western civilization if France, rather than England, had conquered in this trial of strength. Certain it is, that America would have been quite other than it now is had France been successful. French rule in America failed for the same reasons that the Old Regime failed in France itself. It was based on a policy of diplomacy, as Parkman so clearly shows, and there was nothing healthy and sound about it. The English were not by any means wholly in the right, for they had already taken many a lesson in other methods than those of diplomacy and peace. The power of aggrandisement, which the English have so fully displayed during the last two centuries—aggrandisement not always tempered by mercy and justice,—found frequent expression in their conquest of North America. Parkman defends the English in their treatment of the Acadians, and nearly makes us believe they were justified in it. Certainly the methods of the Jesuits and the French officials were not such as to make any other treatment of the dull French settlers easy to carry into execution. Parkman has quite reversed our ideas of Acadia, as derived from Longfellow; and his conclusions are based on documentary evidence. A historian so careful and just is to be trusted until further evidence is produced. Parkman's studies of North American history have already given him a first place among living historians. His books are intensely interesting, and they are marked by a true historic judgment. Vividly as he relates the closing scenes of the struggle between France and England, he does not fail to impress the importance of what would otherwise be trivial, by showing its relations to the destinies of Europe and the world. The present volume forms a fit conclusion to a monumental historic work.

Two New England Poetesses.*

MANY 'maiden meditations fancy free' find themselves gathered in these volumes, both as characteristic of New England as two volumes well can be. Might not one without hyperbole compare the authors and their works to the 'harpers with their golden phials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints?' The peculiarly devotional feeling which pervades both Miss Larcom's and Miss Phelps's poems gives a foundation for the simile, and the purity, tenderness, and fervor in both, carry us far on our not exaggerated comparison. Miss Phelps apparently has but one or two strings to her lyre, but these have a tone—monotone though it be—deep and searching. Paganini, they say, played on one string of his magic violin: Miss Phelps touches a single, or at most a double, organ-pipe—rich, tender, and sympathetic; the 'lost chord' breathes out of it; there is something thrilling in the sorrow that trembles through her verses, and sends its multiplied echoes from poem to poem. It is the celestial 'Vita Nuova' after which she sighs, and her longing is pervaded by an intensity which gathers force from a recent grief.

In Miss Lucy Larcom's crowded volume we have far more flesh, and blood and spirit—a 'voice like the voice of many waters,' as different as possible from the high and ethereal reed-notes of its companion volume. Miss Larcom's busy pen has come in contact with many things. She writes charming hymns, but she writes no less charming ballads. In her 'War Memories' we see how deeply branded she was by the flaming autograph of the war. She writes occasional verse with facility, and her 'childhood songs' have the ring and the twinkle of early and unforgetten days. She may take a common theme—Lessing's 'pot of iron'—and pick it out of the fire with the 'silver tongs' of her fancy, so daintily, however, that it changes texture and shows its transmutation at her touch. The New England Puritanism in her is not red and repulsive: it is white and spiritualized

and it is more than a sub-cutaneous glow. The great variety of verse-forms—of metre—lasts to which her verse-feet are fitted—will strike the most casual skimmer of these pages. There are no long poems: all are short 'swallow-flights,' momentary spontaneities, that 'breathe and blow,' but do not die. The New England life lives in these abundant—perhaps superabundant—lines in all its multiplicity of hope and fear, of hymn and anniversary poem, of occupation and ambition. *Quid multa?* Yet might not one—without being over-audacious—say to these gifted women what was wittily said to the House of Hapsburg:

Bella gerant alii: tu, felix Austria, nube!

The Magazines for April.

No fillip to curiosity was needed to increase our interest in the fine work of the writer whose name of the crushing consonants always suggested a nut-cracker. But now that the nut has been cracked, and we find that it was not Nut-cracker after all, but Sugardolly, we turn to *The Atlantic* with more than a suspicion that we have at last a George Eliot among us. It has been the best kept secret, and is the greatest surprise, of any situation of the kind ever known. The critics need not feel disconsolate at their lack of astuteness; for no general intimation was given that 'Charles Egbert Craddock' was a pseudonym; but it is safe to acknowledge gracefully that we probably should not have guessed right, if we had been given the chance. —It is impossible not to like the young people in Dr. Holmes's 'Portfolio'; but Dr. Holmes himself is so much more interesting than any young person we have ever met, that it is half a disappointment to find the 'Portfolio' a story, instead of a long, long talk from nobody but the 'Autocrat.' —If Mr. Stockton did not appear in one of the magazines this month, we should certainly have called, when the April curtain was rung down, not for the actors that had pleased us by appearing, but for 'Stockton! Stockton!' determined to know the truth, if any jealous editor who could not get from him as many stories as he wanted, had perchance murdered him. Happily, however, Mr. Stockton appears before the curtain is rung down, in *The Atlantic*—dignified, solemn, yet laughter-compelling as ever, with a sequel to his 'Assisted Fate,' which leaves Fate with the upper hand.—J. Laurence Laughlin pleads for more energetic study of political economy in our schools and colleges; and Frederick D. Storey gives us a delightful 'Unclassified Philosopher,' whose philosophy is that the earth is not a mere insensate mass, but a living, sentient organism of flesh and blood, bone and sinew, nerve and brain, entertaining likes and dislikes, and destined in the course of time to die.—Olive Thorne Miller writes of a little 'Ruffian in Feathers,' who has no music in his soul, though, as a bird, born to it as a birthright; while J. S. Dwight tells of the unsurpassed musician, owing nothing of his genius to his parentage, who left us the oratorio of 'The Messiah.'

This number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is an unusually fine one. 'On This Side' is richer reading than ever, with its British tourists in search of the 'national type' at Washington, bewildered at finding their own maid, poor old 'Parsons,' shaking hands with the President at a White House reception, and only the more bewildered by the assurance that such a *contretemps* would occur in Washington society only at the house of the Chief Executive.—An article of great interest is one on 'The Confederate Flag,' by Frank G. Carpenter. One hundred and twenty-nine designs were submitted, the most absurd being that of a big black eye on a blue ground, supposed to represent, wrote the designer, first, the President watching over the nation, and secondly, the all-seeing eye of God! But the point of interest lies in the fact that almost all these designs retained more or less of the old flag; while letter after letter urged the convention to alter the old flag as little as pos-

* 1. *Songs of the Silent Land*. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2. *Larcom's Poems*. Household Edition. \$2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sible: a bit of unconscious patriotism which it is pleasant to know about.—Miss Tincker, in this instalment of her 'Aurora,' gives a noble example to our realistic novelists. Her earthquake at Ischia is just as real a matter as Silas Lapham's pitcher of ice-water, and is much more interesting to the world in general. She prepares us for the catastrophe with a quiet strength and a keen sense of contrast (all the while leaving the reader to see the point for himself) which remind us of the dramatic power of Browning's 'Pippa Passes.'—There are papers on 'The New Orleans Exposition,' 'Psychic Research,' and 'Peking'; while Charles Burr Todd writes of Buffalo, telling us that a gentleman now enjoying all the elegance of Delaware Avenue—and what avenue is lovelier than Delaware?—had killed a baker's dozen of deer within sight of his present residence, and had chased the bear and panther in what are now the city streets.

The Overland Monthly contains an admirable piece of mingled anecdote and description in 'Across Eastern Utah and Colorado,' by Edwards Roberts. It seems that a mule acted the part of chief engineer in making the surveys for the Veta Pass.—There are papers on 'The French as Colonists,' the late war in South America; the landlord problem from a new point of view; and some good short stories, full of local color.

In *The English Illustrated* Bret Harte begins a story, 'A Ship of '49,' which bids fair to be one of his very best; adding to his well-known power of observation a tenderness of insight that gives spiritual significance to what else would be merely amusing.—Hugh Conway's inevitable instinct for melodrama is beginning to betray itself in 'A Family Affair'; but no amount of melodrama can wholly spoil the cleverness and art of this fine story.—Why should the schoolboy effusions of young men be inflicted upon the public simply because the young men happen to be princes? It is true, Prince Edward and Prince George, in their article on 'H. M. S. Bacchante at the Antipodes,' do not tell us that the wind is N. N. W. or S. S. E. any oftener than Thoreau does, but then in Thoreau you occasionally find something in addition.—Grant Allen contributes a botanical article, charmingly illustrated, on 'Primroses and Cowslips'; while George Simonds gives a bit of good advice to people fond of talking about 'my bronzes.'

In *Harper's* Frank Millet begins 'A Wild Goose Chase,' a delightful piece of description, delightfully illustrated by himself and R. Swain Gifford.—W. H. Russell contributes an interesting article on 'The Prince of Wales at Sandringham,' giving every possible detail connected with the subject, including even a lengthy reference to that severe illness of the Prince a dozen years ago from which the English Press, if not the Prince, has never recovered.—R. Riordan contributes a 'Collection of Chinese Porcelains'—that of Charles A. Dana,—and Eugene L. Didier 'Some Richmond Portraits,' with illustrations of the portraits; while Sylvester Baxter writes of the Rio Grande, and H. P. Wells of 'Fly Fishing.'—'Too Much Momentum' is an amusing short story by James Lane Allen; but the people at the 'Red Glove' and at 'East Angels,' exhibit little more than the *dolce far niente* now fashionable in fiction.

The Century appears a little late for extended notice—a delay owing to the pressure of work in issuing the large editions called for by the papers on the Civil War. In this number George W. Cable writes of 'New Orleans before the Capture' and Admiral Porter of 'The Opening of the Lower Mississippi' (which he regards as the most important event of the war of the Rebellion, with the exception of the fall of Richmond); while Henry W. Grady replies to a former article of Mr. Cable's, asserting that in it Mr. Cable commits the Southern people to a line of thought from which they must ever dissent. Theodore Roosevelt writes entertainingly of the State Legislature, blaming the constituents partly for the condition of affairs at Albany.—Dr.

Eggleston's 'Colonists at Home' deals with the house decoration, the dress and ornaments and food of colonists who simply reflected the life of Europe in a small provincial mirror.—In fiction we have the agonies of the Laphams at their first dinner-party.

The Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

MISS SUSAN WARNER, who died last week at her home on Warner Island, in the Hudson River opposite West Point, was the author of 'The Wide, Wide World,' one of the most popular novels ever written in America, and of 'Queechy,' which was almost equally popular. Miss Warner was born in New York City. She was unknown to fame until she reached the age of thirty when she published 'The Wide, Wide World.' The story of the birth of this novel is well told by Mr. J. C. Derby, in his recently published recollections:

That popular novel, 'The Wide, Wide World,' by Miss Warner, had a singular advent into book form. Mr. Putnam was interested in the story, but thought it did not possess the qualities likely to insure its popularity, while its great length (it contained matter enough for two volumes) was not favorable to its success. His literary advisers all counselled him against it. His mother, however, happened to get hold of the manuscript, and after reading it said to her son: 'George, that is too good a book not to come into print; you must print it!' He took his mother's advice and published it. For months after it was issued, Mr. Putnam began to think he would have to charge the loss account to the score of filial obedience. The book remained stocked upon the shelves, apparently without commercial value. His mother tried to cheer him up by saying 'that the book was so good she was sure that Providence would aid in the sale of it.' As a matter of fact, Providence did help the matter out. The first favorable review of the work appeared in a Providence paper, and the first large order that was received was from a Providence bookseller. The sale in a few months amounted to over forty thousand copies, which yielded, of course, a large profit to both author and publisher. Miss Warner's next novel, 'Queechy,' was nearly as successful. Although these two books were published more than thirty years ago, they have been selling steadily ever since. They are almost the only American novels published one-third of a century ago that have a continued sale.

The plates were afterwards sold to the Messrs. Lippincott who still continue to publish the book. The Messrs. Putnam publish some of the stories of Miss Warner and her sister Anna, and Mr. Robert Carter publishes others. 'The Wide, Wide World' and 'Queechy' were written by Miss Susan Warner alone, but in her other stories she was largely assisted by her sister. Miss Warner's father, a well-known New York lawyer, of a speculative turn of mind, bought the island which bears his name some thirty years ago, and had great plans for its improvement. They all failed, however, but the island was saved by Miss Susan Warner, and she and her sister have lived upon it all these years.

A National Society of Arts.

AT a meeting held in the American Art Galleries on Thursday of last week, the New York Branch of the National Society of Arts—a Society as yet unformed—was organized. A number of well-known artists, art-critics and collectors were in attendance; and after due deliberation, a Constitution consisting of thirteen articles was adopted. The more important articles are as follows:

I.—This organization shall be known as 'The New York Branch of the National Society of Arts.' It shall be composed of artists, collectors, and other friends of Art.

II.—Its object shall be to protect and promote the interests of Art in the United States, in connection with similar organizations which may be hereafter established in other cities of the Union, to form collectively the National Society of Arts.

III.—To achieve this end, it will seek to check fraud and deceit in the traffic in works of art; to oppose, by every legitimate means, bad art in public places; to advance sound art education; to encourage public art exhibitions, both temporary

and permanent ; to secure legislation in behalf of the true interests of American art and artists ; and to establish friendly relations between artists and collectors at home and abroad.

IV.—The management of this organization shall be vested in a Board of Twenty Trustees, seven of whom shall be American resident artists.

V.—The members of the organization shall consist of two classes : (1) Members, who shall pay Five Dollars annually, and (2) Life Members, who shall pay Fifty Dollars in one sum. Both Members and Life Members shall be admitted only after approval by the Executive Committee.

VI.—The Board of Trustees shall hold regular meetings on the first Tuesday in each month (except June, July, August, and September). Eleven members shall constitute a quorum.

VII.—The annual meeting of the organization shall be held on the first Tuesday in April, 1886, and each year thereafter, for the election of five Trustees, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it. At the annual or a special meeting, thirty members shall constitute a quorum.

The following named gentlemen were elected as Trustees : Thomas B. Clarke, Charles B. Curtis, Charles de Kay, A. W. Drake, Henry Farrer, R. Swain Gifford, J. R. W. Hitchcock, Daniel Huntington, Brayton Ives, W. McK. Laffan, Cyrus J. Lawrence, Montague Marks, F. D. Millet, E. C. Moore, F. Hopkinson Smith, Augustus St. Gaudens, James F. Sutton, William R. Ware, J. Alden Weir, Stanford White. Steps have been taken toward the organization of a Boston Branch.

The Quill-Player.*

PAN is not dead ! For here he walks amain,
With dusky fingers clutching the rude stops,
When from the withered tree the dead leaf drops,
And reeling winds about the brakes of cane,
With sob and sigh, sweep onward the weird strain ;
Still flinging upward to the pallid sky
Those savage notes, that wild and jarring cry—
Mocking the dry shriek of the southward crane.

Yet he who wanders by, his simple heart
Careless uptossing to the empty air,
Through the rough pipes, dreams not he owns a share
Of mystic power, a wondrous thing apart,
Excelling all the trained minstrel's art—

The woodland's joyance and the woodland's prayer.

JULIE K. WETHERILL.

Victor Hugo's Eighty-Third Birthday.

VICTOR HUGO's eighty-third birthday was celebrated in Paris on Feb. 26, and from a letter addressed by the poet's secretary, M. Richard Lesclide, to Mr. W. H. Rideing, of *The Youth's Companion*, we are permitted to make the following quotations. The letter is dated Feb. 27. :—

'An intimate friend of the master, M. Catulle Mendès—who is himself an exquisite poet—has collected in an album the autographs of the greatest writers of Europe, addressed in homage to our national poet. It contains the names of kings, as well as of our Ministers, and of men representing every variety of opinion. *Gil Blas* publishes a supplement containing some of these autographs ; but there were so many that some had to be omitted ; and hence there is a crowd of disappointed letter-writers. To avoid committing the same offense, I will refrain from mentioning any ! It is the less necessary, as the supplement to *Gil Blas* will reach America as soon as this letter.

'A sort of prologue to yesterday's fête was a banquet given at the Continental on Wednesday, the 25th, by MM. Lemonnier and Richard, a new and plucky firm of publishers. The dinner was given to celebrate the inauguration of their illustrated "National Edition" of Victor Hugo's Works, to be sold at \$300 a set. Our best artists are engaged upon this monumental work. Covers were laid for

* The quills is an instrument made of cane pipes, and played upon by the negroes. White people are seldom successful in playing upon it. J. K. W.

nearly 200 guests, scarcely known to each other, and of various callings—printers, painters, engravers, poets and journalists. A lady—the only one present—presided. It was the beautiful Mme. Adam, alias Juliette Lambert, powdered white, and displaying the most beautiful arms in the world. She is the editor, as you know, of *La Nouvelle Revue*, which is about to publish "Five Months at Guernsey"—an intimate account, in which Victor Hugo will appear in an entirely new and very interesting light. The occasion was a brilliant one. Mounet-Sully, of the Comédie Française, recited some very beautiful verses ; and seated about the table were Georges Hugo, the poet's grandson, Leconte de Lisle, Philippe Burty, Leon Leroy, Etienne Carjat, Charles Monselet, Felix Regamey, Richard Lesclide, and many others of Victor Hugo's most intimate friends. The poet himself withdrew at an early hour with his secretary.

'From morning till night of the next day—the anniversary—deputations kept arriving at the poet's house, which was filled with flowers sent from all directions. In the evening there was a grand reception. Mme. Lockroy, the poet's beautiful daughter, and George and Jane, her handsome children, did the honors of the house with perfect grace. Ten thousand persons stood before the door and enthusiastically shouted the poet's name. Victor Hugo wished to greet them, and several hundreds—many of them in working dress—were permitted to enter and shake hands with him. But the crowd constantly increased ; and after speaking a few words from the balcony, the poet retired, at ten o'clock.'

The Lounger

The Spectator, reviewing 'Prose Masterpieces,' an admirable series of selections from famous writers, edited by Mr. G. Haven Putnam, remarks disparagingly upon the absence of any example of Mr. Ruskin's beautiful style. For this omission *The Spectator* must blame Mr. Ruskin and not Mr. Putnam. When the latter projected the series, he wrote to all the living authors whom he wished to quote, and asked permission to use their essays, offering to pay them whatever they should think right. Some accepted payment, others declined it, but all gave their permission except Mr. Ruskin, who said that he didn't want to have anything to do with American publishers. Mr. Putnam wrote a most polite and conciliatory reply, but Mr. Ruskin still refused, and in very ungracious terms. There was nothing left for Mr. Putnam to do but to use the selection in the American edition of his series without permission ; otherwise his plan would have been incompletely carried out. From the English edition, however, it was necessarily omitted, with the result noted—the upbraiding of *The Spectator*.

I RECEIVED a letter from Mr. Furness, last Tuesday, in which he says, parenthetically : 'If you happen to see Irving as Hamlet on Thursday night, you will hear him again proclaim as Yorick's the skull which is now resting quietly before me, here in my library. I trust that this proclamation, and its tacit acceptance by all New York, will prove final, and set forever at rest all question of the skull's identity. A trusty messenger will leave here [Philadelphia] on Thursday morning with the skull, and return with it the next day, bearing on its forehead Mr. Irving's autograph, underneath the names of Kean, Macready, Forrest, and Booth.' As a literary curiosity—if such it may be called—this much-inscribed headpiece is worth more to-day than when it had brains within it and a body underneath.

A HEBREW scholar, who read and appreciated the pun that appeared in this column last week, sends me the following to cap it, from judges, xv., 16.

בְּלִחֵי הַחֹמֶר חֹמֶר הַמֶּתֶת
בְּלִחֵי הַחֹמֶר הַכֹּתִי אֶלֶף
אֵשׁ

Literally : 'With the jaw-bone of the ass, heaps upon heaps, have I slain a thousand men.' But in Hebrew, 'ass' and 'heap' are the same ; so, preserving the pun, we have : 'With the jaw-bone of the ass, the(m)asses on the(m)asses, have I slain a thousand men.' Puns from the Sanskrit are now in order.

A FRENCHMAN whose cosmopolitanism is such that he is only amused by the Creole sensitiveness to Mr. Cable's literary treatment of Creole characteristics, sends me a marked copy of the *Abeille*, together with a note, in which he says:—'You will be glad to see that my compatriots—*genus irritabile*—are "up and at" poor George W. Cable again. May the goddess Minerva, who protected Æneas, defend him! A committee of Creole ladies—not one of whom, or whose husbands, I warrant you, ever read Cable except in Bentzon's translations in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—have called upon Gayarré to lecture on 'The Grandissimes'; and Canonge has written one or two columns on the subject in *l'Abeille*. If you read them, you will know that he told the truth, as I know he did, when he said, some time ago, that he had not the advantage of knowing Mr. Cable's works.'

M. GAYARRÉ's lecture, which was set down for delivery in the Hall of the French Union, on Sunday last, was intended as a sequel to a lecture on 'La Race Latine en Louisiane,' delivered before the Athénée Louisianais, of which General Beauregard is President, on the 25th of January. M. Canonge in announcing it—it is announced by advertisement also—makes a bitter personal attack on Mr. Cable. The distinguished novelist was, he declares, a 'needy reporter,' whose distorted delineations of Creole character were made, not in the interest of truth or art, but in the interest of his pocket, which he sought to fill by pandering to the sectional and race prejudices of the Yankees.

He is a sign-painter attempting a water-color sketch; a bear dancing a schottische. He has now gone on a lecturing tour 'for the purpose of inflicting his books on people who won't take the trouble to read them.' He has become his own 'puffer'—the commercial traveller, the "drummer," of his own books. 'Zing, zing, boum, boum! Et allez donc, les cuivres! Donnez, sonnez, clairons!' The temporary success of Mr. Cable's books is, to the mind of this lively critic, only another proof of man's stupidity.

THE proposed National Society of Arts 'will seek to check fraud and deceit in the traffic in works of art; to oppose, by every legitimate means, bad art in public places; to advance sound art education,' etc. When the article of the Constitution in which these ideas are embodied was read at the organizing meeting of the New York Branch of the Society, last week, an architect got up and said that he thought the word architecture should be inserted somewhere in this clause, as an indication that that branch of art was not to be neglected by the Society. The Chairman seemed to think that the word art was sufficiently comprehensive, but, as a motion to amend the article was in order, he would ask the gentleman where he would like to have the word architecture inserted. 'Oh, I don't think it makes much difference,' said the architect; 'but perhaps it had better be put in the sentence about "bad art in public places!"' The connection was so obvious, that the motion was lost in a roar of laughter.

The True Story of "Dr. Sevier."

[From the Milwaukee Sentinel.]

BEING urged to narrate the circumstances attending the conception and writing of his story 'Dr. Sevier,' from which extracts were read at the Academy last evening. Mr. Cable replied substantially:

'The characters, that is, the principal ones, and the main incidents of the work, are true. One afternoon, as I was passing the office of my family physician, he called me in and said he wanted to tell me a true story. Not heeding my protest that I was busy, he seated me, and, reclining on his lounge, related the story of the people I call John and Mary Richling. The story of their trials affected me deeply, and at my first leisure moment I wrote out the plain story. This I read to my father-in-law on condition that he should not tell it. The recital of the facts brought tears to his eyes, and, with this proof of the story's sympathetic strength, I wrote the novel.'

'What was the story in brief?' 'Simply this: John Richling (I do not know his real name, for he never revealed it) had married a dainty, sweet, pretty little woman in Milwaukee. He was from Kentucky. They appeared in New Orleans, and that is where my Dr. Sevier first saw them. He was called to attend the young wife. He helped her through several sieges of illness. Her husband was searching for a position, and all this time the doctor saw them growing poorer, till finally Mary was found by the doctor in the charity hospital. Debtors had sold the bed from under her, and this was all that was left for her.

The doctor asked her if her husband had failed in his duty to her, but she replied, "No, he could not do so." Shortly afterward John became an inmate of the hospital and remained there for a few weeks. On his recovery, Mary, by the doctor's advice, was sent to her mother, here in Milwaukee. The doctor watched over John till he finally got a place with a baker named Rich, on Benjamin Street. Here he proved of immense value to his employer, who died, leaving him in charge. John finally sickened and came into the doctor's hands again. He wanted to send for Mary, but the doctor dissuaded him. A daughter was born to Mary in Milwaukee, and John, as he lay dying, handed a picture of his daughter to the doctor, saying: "This is my baby whom I have never seen. Mary's picture I do not need, as I have it always in my heart."

'Thus he died, refusing always to tell his name, as such a revelation would bring reproach on his family, who had failed to treat him as they should. Now, somewhere up here are this little woman and her daughter, if they are not dead. They are as dear to me as if they were my own children. Now, as I talk of them, my heart rises in my throat, and tears come unbidden to my eyes. Mary would be about forty years old, and I am hoping always that my book or some notice may come to her eyes that will help to reveal her to me.'

Charles Egbert Craddock, Again.

[From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

MISS MURFREE is described by a friend as not tall, not beautiful in form or face, yet wonderfully attractive in conversation. Paralysis in childhood caused lameness painfully apparent, and of such a character that she could not participate in any of the wild sports of children, while a reading habit was developed; and having all of a child's need of amusement she invented a kind of play all her own. Her fondness for works of fiction was marked; she read with much seriousness and afterward played out the story in her imagination, with mother, father, and all the household invested with the characteristics of the personnel of the romance. This pastime strengthened an originally vivid imagination and her observation grew wonderfully acute. There was much to see in the Tennessee country, in which she spent a greater portion of her life, and all those quickly drawn suggestions that compose her early stories and later novels are from the life. She was born in Nashville, Tenn., and lived there until after the War, when her family removed to Murfreesboro, where they lived until three or four years ago, when they came to St. Louis. William L. Murfree, father of the young author, was a successful lawyer in Nashville prior to the War, and owned a large amount of property in and about the city. His wife, Priscilla Dickerson, was the daughter of Colonel Dickerson, whose residence, near Murfreesboro, was in its day the most magnificent in the region. It was from a chamber window of this house that Miss Murfree saw 'where the battle was fought.' Miss Dickerson was an heiress, and not to an inconsiderable fortune, which, with that of Mr. Murfree, diminished terribly 'after the War.' It was in the light of these misfortunes, that the family went to live in the old Dickerson mansion. They were to stay there only a short time, but did stay years. Life in such a place is very barren of amusement, and it was out of that barrenness that the first of the stories, now known under the collective title of 'In the Tennessee Mountains,' was evolved—'The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove.'

It had been the custom during the summer months, when living on the lowlands of Tennessee is not especially conducive to health, for the family to go into the mountains of Eastern Tennessee, and it was in some fifteen summers of such opportunity for the study of the peculiar types found there that the material afterward used was unconsciously gathered. None of it was used, however, until about six years ago, when, having previously, for her own amusement, written little tales, Miss Murfree undertook to write a story with the intention of offering it for publication. 'The Dancin' Party' was the outcome of this endeavor, and was read, when completed, to the family for criticism. The praise they accorded determined her to offer it to *The Atlantic*, in which magazine the story, or rather study, was published. 'A-Playing of Old Sledge at the Settlement,' 'The Star in the Valley,' 'Romance of Sunrise Rock,' 'Electioneering on Big Injun Mounting,' 'Over on t'Other Mounting,' and 'The Harnt' that Walks Chilhowee,' followed in the same magazine, the last, a ghost story of peculiar power, being possibly the most successful. The quaint titles of most of these stories aided in the impression created not a little.

In addition to the work upon which Miss Murfree's reputation is based, she has contributed to *The Youth's Companion* a number of charming stories for boys, with whom she has a wonderful amount of sympathy. 'Old Daddy's Window,' a ghost story printed in that periodical, was the best of these; but another, which never reached the printer, was thought to excel it. The manuscript of 'Borrowing a Hammer' was lost in the mail while in transit for publication in *The Companion*, and no trace of it has ever been discovered. 'The Prophet of Great Smoky Mountains,' a serial, is now running in *The Atlantic*. It was written in a much shorter time than the first novel, and on a commission. 'Down the Ravine,' a serial, is now an attraction of *Wide Awake*.

Mr. William R. Murfree, jr., brother of the lady, says of her work: 'She has studiously avoided drawing portraits, though it has been said "Where the Battle was Fought" contains several that have been recognized. So unwilling has she been to seem to have done this, that in her description of the old mansion much of the unreal has been infused. Her pictures of people are of types, not individuals; and where it is thought an individual has been drawn, it is because that person possesses, in large degree, the peculiarities of his class. Mr. Aldrich and her publishers knew that "Craddock" was an assumed name, but never doubted that M. N. Murfree was a man. The *nom de plume*, her style of writing and chirography, all contributed to this impression. The name was assumed as well for a cloak in case of failure as to secure the advantage that a man has in literature over a woman. He obtains a quicker reading by the publishers, is better received by the public in the beginning, and altogether has an easier time of it. Accident led to the choice of the name, which had been much discussed in the family before being finally determined upon by her in the form used. Those portions of her writing which are called peculiarly masculine are not in any sense affectations. It was never doubted she was a man, and hence there was no reason for the adoption of disguise in writing. Each portion of her work was read to the family before being sent away, and it may be sometimes criticised as to some detail; she is too positive and painstaking to need or allow much interference in the plan or arrangement of her material.'

Miss Murfree is about five feet four inches in height, of slight form. Her features are all quite prominent, her forehead square and projecting, eyes gray and deep set, nose Grecian, chin projecting and mouth large. Her complexion is blond and hair a light brown, almost golden. Her conversation is animated, and the sentences are full of italics. She is a wonderful story-teller, and finds more enjoyment in a small boy or darkey than in anything else. Their primitive and quaint simplicities keep her stock of stories fresh and bright. It is the humorous side she finds the quickest, and she has an affection for the Mark Twain style of humor in literature. Her reading has not been confined to any especial field, though her penchant is for history and the most ambitious of fiction. While well versed in politics, and a Southerner in sympathies, she recognized the error so often made, and has ever avoided, with the most marked carefulness, any allusion to those matters that might provoke or involve her in discussion.

Miss Murfree's father, in addition to legal writing, which includes two books—'The Law of Sheriffs' and 'Official and other Bonds'—has written a number of short stories published in *The Century*. 'Adrift in Pensacola Bay' was printed recently, and 'How Uncle Gabe Saved the Levee,' which appeared several years ago, will be remembered by readers of that magazine. Her brother was for three years Editor of *The Central Law Journal*. Mr. Murfree, her father, and Miss Fanny, her sister, whose musical ability is well known among friends, are with her in Boston, where they will remain possibly two months.

Mr. Cleveland's Inaugural Address.

[From *The Spectator*.]

HAPPILY for the simplicity of our political style, there is nothing in England answering to the inauguration of a President of the United States. Our Sovereigns do not deliver Accession Addresses; our Prime Ministers usually limit themselves on taking office to an enumeration of the Bills they intend to bring forward in their first Session. A President of the United States, besides sending business messages to Congress, has to mark his arrival at the White House by delivering a kind of after-dinner speech to the whole nation; and this necessity may, perhaps, explain the prevalence of periods in which there is more sound than meaning that characterizes American political literature.

Mr. Cleveland's performance on Wednesday was an example, though not a violent example, of this class of oratory. It is made up to a great extent of generalities which have no meaning and particular statements so carefully guarded as almost to fall within the same category. No doubt, on March 4th in every fourth year, 'the animosities of political strife, the bitterness of partisan defeat, and the exultation of partisan triumph should be supplanted by ungrudging acquiescence in the popular will, and sober, conscientious concern for the general weal.' The 'ungrudging acquiescence' is, perhaps, secured, for the Americans are not given to crying over spilt milk. But unless the perfection of party organization in the United States is very much overrated, partisan feeling is by no means universally displaced by 'sober, conscientious concern for the general weal.' At least, if this concern is really the dominant feeling, it is, for the most part, indulged with strict regard to the principle of division of labor. It is assumed that, if everybody looks after their party, the nation, which is but the aggregate of parties, may be left to look after itself. In this way, that 'surrender or postponement of private interests and the abandonment of local advantages' of which Mr. Cleveland speaks is very much tempered. If compensation for such sacrifices is found in the 'assurance that thus the common interest is subserved, and the general welfare advanced,' it is probably helped out by the conviction that private and local interests will not quite go to the wall, even under the 'best form of government ever vouchsafed to man.'

Precise declarations of policy are not to be looked for in an Inaugural Address; but even when allowance has been made for the tribute paid to custom, Mr. Cleveland is very vague. The foreign policy of the Republic he defines as one of neutrality, 'rejecting any share in foreign broils and ambitions upon other countries, and repelling their intrusion here. It is the policy of Monroe.' Mr. Cleveland might have remembered that the name of Monroe has lately been invoked in justification of the advice to repel the 'intrusion' of foreign Powers, even when their right to intervene is secured by specific agreements contracted by the United States Government. A commonplace reference to the propriety of observing such obligations would have sufficiently differentiated his attitude toward the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty from that which has recently been taken up. The discussion of the Silver question will find a more appropriate place in his message to Congress; but enough is known of the President's views to make it probable that under the safe generalities in which he takes refuge there lurks an intention of distinctly repudiating bi-metallism. Englishmen will turn with more curiosity to his reference to Free-trade. It is something, no doubt, to hear an American President deprecating unnecessary taxation and hinting at the connection which ought to exist between Import Duties and Revenue. But there is nothing in this passage of his address which might not have been delivered by a Protectionist wishing to make his theories palatable to a mixed audience. The adjustment of Revenue which is to relieve the people from unnecessary taxation, is to be carried out with due regard to the interests of 'workingmen employed in American industries.' This is not incompatible with the repeal of the present tariff, since the due regard to the interests of workingmen employed in American industries may only be shown in the choice of times and methods for carrying out Free-trade reforms. But neither is it incompatible with the maintenance of the present tariff after the needs of the revenue have been satisfied. The most extreme Protectionist does not ask for more than a due regard to the interests of workingmen employed in American industries; he only insists that these interests cannot have adequate regard paid to them, except under a system which excludes foreign competition. The uncertain sound which Mr. Cleveland's trumpet gives on the point probably expresses with tolerable accuracy the compromise to which he is prepared to assent, in order to keep the Democratic Party together. Whether the nation is yet convinced that it loses more by high prices than it gains by stimulating particular trades, is doubtful; and so long as it remains doubtful, Presidents with Free-trade leanings will go on trying to combine incompatible ideas. If they were not willing to make the attempt, they would not have been sent to Washington by the popular vote.

Upon Civil Service Reform Mr. Cleveland, as might have been expected, is more outspoken. It is the question to which he owes his election. As an ordinary Democratic candidate he would have been easily beaten by Mr. Blaine. His success was entirely due to the preference felt for a politician who was prepared, in case of election, to forego the practice of dividing the spoils. It needed a large measure both of conviction and resolution for the representative of a party which had been banished from power for nearly a quarter of a century to make this sacri-

fice. No Democrat under fifty can have tasted the sweets of office, and now they will have to wait for the vacancies made by time. But Mr. Cleveland has had his reward. It was the support of the independent Republicans that secured his election, and that support was wholly won by his association with Civil Service Reform. Upon this point the Address becomes distinct and argumentative. The citizen, says Mr. Cleveland, has a right to be protected against three evils,—incompetence in officials, corruption in the distribution of patronage, and the vicious methods employed by those who are in search of appointments. Even the first of these reasons, though not the weightiest, is a weighty one. Incompetence will often be a characteristic of officials changed so often as they must be changed if they are to be sacrificed to every swing of the party-pendulum. And the President's other reasons are conclusive. Where places under Government are given as a reward for sharing the political opinion of the party in power, the door to corruption of every kind is set wide open. Every man who is supposed to have any influence with the distributors of offices is besieged with solicitations, and is constantly tempted to make such influence as he possesses a means of tempting others either to sham opinions which they have not, or to do violence to opinions which they have. That there are faults in every alternative system may be admitted, but they are not faults of such magnitude as this. Those who say that the drawing of lots would give us as good a Civil Service as competitive examinations are certainly wrong; but even if they were right, the objection would not detract from the real virtue of the examination system. It has swept away patronage, and all that patronage implied, and its superiority over the drawing of lots lies, at all events, in this—that the public acquiesce in examination, while they would reject pure chance. It will be interesting to see what system of making first appointments the Americans adopt, now that Civil Service reform is recognized as the motive-power which has placed the Democrats in office.

Browning's "Blot in the 'Scutcheon."

[Henry Norman, in *The Academy*.]

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT is known to the American public as the actor who is most willing to run risks of personal discomfort and pecuniary loss for the sake of his art, and to introduce worthy new pieces to the stage. His successful revival of 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon' is the latest instance of this, and though opinions differ as to the practical value of the play, Mr. Barrett's enterprise has received warm appreciation from all quarters. Some account of the performance may be welcome to English readers, since besides the interest that would in any case attach to the presentation of this play, the present revival is specially noteworthy because the changes in construction by which Mr. Barrett has sought to secure a successful acting version, have been made by him in collaboration with Mr. Browning himself, or at least discussed with the latter and submitted to his judgment.

In the first place, all the introductory conversation between the servants is omitted, on the ground that it is trivial in comparison with the rest of the dialogue, and unnecessary to a comprehension of the plot. At the Star Theatre the curtain rises upon the gallery leading from Lord Tresham's dining-hall. Earl Mertoun, a pale, fair-haired boy, dressed in crimson velvet, is supposed to have dined with the family, and to be taking his leave. Tresham's first words, 'I welcome you, Lord Mertoun, yet once more,' are thus a recurrence to a subject previously discussed. No change in the text is necessary to this view. Then the scene changes to Mildred's chamber, where she is discovered dressed in white, regarding herself pensively in a mirror, close by the painted window and the signal lamp in readiness upon the table. The next change is the omission of Mertoun's song, the Earl simply entering at the window and taking Mildred's hand as she sits in front. The song is omitted because it would seem unnatural for Mertoun to waste a moment before seeking Mildred after his interview with Tresham, and also because it would interrupt the action of the play at the moment when the audience are first becoming conscious of the terrible character of the situation. This is fully revealed by the scene between the lovers, and the tragical intensity which is reached when Mildred sinks upon her knees at the words, 'God forgot me—and I fell,' is never relaxed again during the play. The opening of the second act shows instantly that the horror is increasing as it spreads, by the striking contrast between the calm and gracious nobleman who received his sister's wooer, and the haggard and excited man who now drags his woodman after him into the library, and hastily bolts the door. From this

point the play progresses rapidly to its climax, which is found in the middle of this act. The entrance of Guendolen, unconscious of anything wrong, is hardly noticed between the pathetic scene with Gerard and the equally pathetic entrance of Mildred. For a moment the latter looks over her brother's shoulder at the book, then at his 'Don't lean on me,' she goes around and seats herself at his feet. The lines descriptive of a brother's love (with a noticeable change of reading—'Your love . . . her love, that is—the sister's love!') were delivered by Mr. Barrett with great tenderness and made a visible impression upon the audience. 'Must I, Mildred? Silence Still?' comes in the same tender tones, and then, as Tresham nerves himself to put the dreadful question, the shame of it all overcomes his love, and springing to his feet, he demands, in a voice hoarse with passion, 'Is there a gallant—' and so on. As no answer comes, his passion changes to determination, and drawing his sword, he asks in a low voice for the name. 'Till now, I only had a thought for you—But now,—flinging his sword upon the table—' his name!' The next long speech of Tresham's—for a reason seen later—is omitted down to the words, 'But with to-morrow hastens here the Earl!' The dramatic climax of the play occurs at this point. Mildred's half-eager, half fearful query, 'But Thorold—if I will receive him as I said?' seems to Tresham to reveal a depth of moral infamy in her, casting her actual sin so far into the shade that he staggers back and chokes in the attempt to speak. When the words *The Earl?* do come, it is with a shriek, and when Mildred repeats entreatingly, 'I will receive him!' Tresham's passion bursts all bounds, and the rest of the scene to his exit passes like a whirlwind. The impression produced by the foregoing passage is indescribable; the performance has shown the most dramatic passage in Mr. Browning's works in actual representation to be where probably few of his readers have suspected it. Mr. Barrett's acting grew steadily in power as the scene progressed, till at the culmination of it he reached the highest point at which he has yet been seen in tragedy. At the close of this act an important change in construction was introduced. After Guendolen's words to Mildred,

Remember, sweet,

He said there was a clew! I hold it, come!

instead of the curtain falling upon the end of the act, Tresham re-enters, subdued and master of himself again, and putting the others aside, addresses to Mildred the following lines, put together from an earlier speech in this act, to which allusion has been made:

We two will somehow wear

This one day out: the dead must heave their hearts
Under the marble of our chapel-floor:
They cannot rise and blast you! You may wed
Your paramour above our mother's tomb;
Our mother cannot move from 'neath your foot,
I'll hide your shame and mine from every eye.

The yew tree avenue of the third act gives an opportunity for a very impressive scene, with the moonlight casting great twisted shadows across the stage, and the purple-lighted pane in Mildred's window shining through the branches. After this, to bring the play to a close in the comparatively uninteresting scene of Mildred's chamber, would clearly be to lose an important effect. It is much better, moreover, that the suicide should take place in the avenue, rather than in the sister's bedchamber. Therefore, after Tresham bids farewell to his home and leaves the stage, Mildred's window opens and she looks out. Seeing nothing, she comes down and crosses the stage to the very spot where her lover fell. Tresham re-enters, seeking her, and the last scene also is played appropriately under the yew trees. In spite of the overwrought tragedy of the three deaths, Mr. Barrett succeeded in making Tresham's last speech the most touching of the whole act, with its solemn charge to hold the 'scutcheon up—' Austin, no blot on it!—and its extreme pathos in the pride of the dying man that 'all's gules again.'

The performances of the 'Blot in the 'Scutcheon' in Washington and Philadelphia were more or less experimental, but now that the play has received the favorable verdict of a metropolitan audience, it will doubtless be seen regularly upon the stage, in spite of the great demands it makes upon the sympathy of the spectators. For this result Mr. Barrett is entitled to the gratitude of all serious playgoers and lovers of Browning.

—TO MINDS that are receptive, Prof. T. W. Hunt's article on 'How to Reform English Spelling,' in the last *North American Review*, will prove convincing. Most of the highest English and American names, philologically speaking, have expressed themselves in favor of spelling reform as therein defined.

Current Criticism

"NOT WITHOUT HONOR, SAVE IN HIS OWN COUNTRY."

The Concord public library committee deserves well of the public by their action in banishing Mark Twain's new book, 'Huckleberry Finn,' on the ground that it is trashy and vicious. It is time that this influential pseudonym should cease to carry into homes and libraries unworthy productions. Mr. Clemens is a genuine and powerful humorist, with a bitter vein of satire on the weaknesses of humanity which is sometimes wholesome, sometimes only grotesque, but in certain of his works degenerates into a gross trifling with every fine feeling. The trouble with Mr. Clemens is that he has no reliable sense of propriety. His notorious speech at an Atlantic dinner, marshalling Longfellow and Emerson and Whittier in vulgar parodies in a Western miner's cabin, illustrated this, but not in much more relief than the 'Adventures of Tom Sawyer' did, or these Huckleberry Finn stories, do. They are no better in tone than the dime novels which flood the blood-and-thunder reading population. Mr. Clemens has made them smarter, for he has an inexhaustible fund of 'quips and cranks and wanton wiles,' and his literary skill is, of course, superior; but their moral level is low, and their perusal cannot be anything less than harmful.—*The Springfield Republican*.

'ART FOR ART'S SAKE':—This much-abused phrase has at least one clear and rational meaning, notwithstanding its mysterious tautology. It may be taken as an attempt to supply a defect in the language. It has given birth to other phrases still more disputable and tautological. Only the other day an American picture dealer was ridiculed for advertising 'artistic pictures'; but there is reason for even this phrase, for we have no word to distinguish a pictorial artist who has a special faculty for art from one who has not. For a man with such specially artistic gifts as Raphael and Michael Angelo, and for a young lady who copies badly bad designs upon a china plate, we have but one designation—artist or painter. And for their productions, whether the touches be those of Velasquez or a sign-painter, we have but one word—a picture.—*Cosmo Monkhouse, in The Magazine of Art*.

GENIUS AND WORK:—But there is no doubt that, however highly inspired the work of art may appear,—however genuine the inspiration of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo,—however deep and heart thrilling the music of a Beethoven,—however heaven-born the muse of a Shakspeare,—all the products of these great men must have been sanctified by the chaste spirit of hard, sober, and honest work. Raphael could not have given that sublime expression to his Madonna, if he had not been able to draw accurately the book held before him. He must have passed through all the phases which you are passing through, or he could not have given that absolute firmness to each line as it appeared to him, each effective light as it was produced by the solid simple object, based on straight lines; he could never have given that sublime expression to his Madonna and other great works. He must necessarily have gained an absolute mastery over his hand in order to make it a ready and facile expression of his highest inspirations. So you must always hold that rule before you, however humble the work, however simple it appears, however unnecessary it may seem that you should give so much pains to a few lines. Unless you do that, all your lofty aspirations, all the brilliant ardor which leads you to form great thoughts, will be utterly worthless, and will end in smoke—and bad smoke, because it will blind your sight to the difficulties of the work before you.—*Dr. Charles Waldstein, in speech at Cambridge, Eng.*

HOW TO MAKE OPERA PAY:—THE CRITIC shows that the eight principal artists of the Grand Opera in Paris have received this season \$13,280 a month, only \$1280 more than the sum paid Materna alone [in New York]. America, therefore, pays much for bringing European celebrities across the ocean. But now that we have seen and heard all of them, is it not about time to cease paying tribute to their foreign highnesses? Surely public curiosity has been satisfied, and is it not, accordingly, about time to begin the development of our own operatic resources? It is quite possible that, among the 55,000,000 of people in this land, there exists a Patti who would be content to sing for a reasonable sum. Grand opera will probably be made to pay in America when American singers and musicians are given adequate encouragement and a sufficiently cordial recognition.—*The Current*.

No doubt in some books of 'American Humor' colossal exaggeration makes part of the fun. No doubt there is a plentiful lack of good taste in 'The Innocents Abroad.' But no critic worthy of the name can deny to Mark Twain at his best the essential qualities of wit and humor. He has, when quite himself, a lower kind of Sydney Smith's wonderful airy high spirits which lift him buoyantly into a kind of Laputa, a place whence he sees all the mad humors of men. He has, when he likes, tenderness and melancholy, and an extraordinary sense of human limitations and contradictions. The struggles of conscience of Huckleberry Finn about betraying the runaway negro have poetry and pathos blest in their humor. Only a great humorist could have made 'Huck' give his own unvarnished account of the splendor and terror of a night of storm on the Mississippi, and of the coming of dawn. A mere buffoon could not have imagined the passage, a less finished humorist would have made Huck 'talk fine,' like Mr. Clark Russell's sailors in their high-flown descriptive tootle. In Mark Twain the world has a humorist at once wild and tender, a humorist who is yearly ripening and mellowing.—*The Saturday Review*.

Notes

HARPER & BROS. have just concluded arrangements with Mr. Henry M. Stanley for the publication of his new book 'The Congo and the Founding of its New State: A Study of Work and Exploration.' The book will be published in two large volumes, profusely illustrated with pictures and maps. It is dedicated to the King of the Belgians.

—*Youth* is the non-sectarian title of the new weekly to be published by the Methodist Book Concern, under the editorship of the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D. Dr. Vincent will be assisted by his son, a bright young man, who will graduate from Yale College in the summer.

—'The Scriptures for Young Readers,' an introduction to the study of the Bible, edited by Professors E. T. Bartlett and John P. Peters, of the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School, Philadelphia, is announced by the Putnams. The work will comprise three volumes.

—Messrs. Porter & Coates are preparing a fine edition of the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' illustrated with etchings.

—Easter is getting to be quite as much of a card festival as Christmas, and we are in receipt of almost as many varieties of cards and booklets as in December. Prang & Co. as usual lead the van, both for the variety and the beauty of their designs. Miss Bridges, W. H. Gibson, Walter Satterlee, and other artists, not so well-known, have lent their aid, and the result is a batch of Easter cards that are sure to please many people. There is not much in the way of novelty in these designs; but then, perhaps, the subject does not admit of it.

—In answer to an oft-repeated demand, Charles Scribner's Sons have prepared a little pamphlet giving (with their prices) a list of books best adapted to the uses of a public library. The list has been selected with great care by a competent person.

—Scribner & Welford have nearly ready a new edition of M. Louis H. F. De Bourrienne's 'Memoirs of Napoleon,' a book that made a great sensation when it was first published, in 1829. This firm will also publish a low-priced edition of Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs.

—The May number of *Harper's Magazine* will contain, among other things, 'Spring Blossoms,' a frontispiece engraving, from a drawing by Howard Pyle; 'Española,' by Birge Harrison, illustrated from the author's drawings; 'Anneke Jans Bogardus and her Farm,' by J. W. Gerard, illustrated; 'Through London by Canal,' by Benjamin E. Martin, illustrated by W. L. Wyllie; 'Admonition,' a full-page illustration of a sonnet by Wordsworth, drawn by Alfred Parsons; and 'Jersey Cattle in America,' by Hark Comstock, illustrated.

—The incidents related in Alice Wellington Rollins's stirring poem in last week's *Independent* are not fictitious but true. 'Whitman's Ride' to save Oregon was an historic event, and well worthy to be preserved in poetic form.

—Rear-Admiral Preble, who died on March 1, was the author of a 'History of the Flag' and a 'History of Steam Navigation.' He left a good-sized library of works relating chiefly to the American Navy.

—A. D. F. Randolph & Co. publish a number of little books, as attractive for their covers as for their contents, which are supposed to answer the purpose of Easter cards. The subjects of most of the poems are bright, except the one named 'In The Child's Hospital,' which can hardly be called cheerful. White, Stokes & Allen have set to colored illustrations a poem by 'H.H.' called 'Easter Bells.' On one page they give a facsimile of the poet's autograph, and on the other its translation into type.

—Messrs. Putnam have two of their Questions of the Day Series in press—'The American Causus System: Its Origin and Purpose,' by George W. Lawton, and the 'History of the Surplus Revenue of 1837.' 'The Life of Society,' by E. Woodward Brown, is ready for immediate publication.

—B. & J. F. Meehan, of Bath, England, send us their latest catalogue of rare, valuable, and useful books, ancient and modern, in all classes of literature. We note some interesting volumes in the department of Americana—a 1775 edition of the works of John Woolman, the New Jersey Quaker whom Lamb so loved to read; Mrs. Trollope's 'Domestic Manners of the Americans' (1832); Catlin's Indians (1844); 'Evangeline,' with illustrations by John Gilbert (1856), etc. The literature of Bath is well represented; and we are told that this new catalogue, with its 1090 titles, covers only a small portion of the dealers' stock.

—Mr. R. L. Stevenson's second series of 'New Arabian Nights' is called 'The Dynamiter.' Its purpose is comic. It consists of a 'Prologue' and an 'Epilogue,' both in the Cigar Divan (in Rupert Street) to which, as readers of the first series may remember, the chance of revolution relegated Prince Florizel of Bohemia; of a certain number of 'adventures;' and of a set of subsidiary stories, 'The Fair Cuban,' 'The Brown Box,' 'The Destroying Angel,' and 'The Superfluous Mansion.'

—There is an article on Albert Moore, by Cosmo Monkhouse, in the April *Magazine of Art*, with a portrait of the artist, two engravings, and a frontispiece reproducing in sanguine a study of drapery drawn for the occasion.

—Mr. Henry James will write of Cross's Life of George Eliot in the May *Atlantic*.

—In a little volume called 'Philosophiæ Quæstor, or Days in Concord,' (Lothrop & Co.), Mrs. Julia R. Anagnos has given an insipid and sentimental account of the Concord School of Philosophy during the past two years. If it pleased Mrs. Anagnos to write so many pages of rhapsody, we suppose the rest of the world ought to be satisfied; but we have failed to see what is the good of it, after all.

—A cheap edition has been issued of Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, edited by M. W. Chapman. It contains a heliotype of the new statue of Miss Martineau.

—Concerning the bogus Franklin Ledger, sold by an employé of the Treasury Department, which was exposed in THE CRITIC of March 7, the Washington *Star* says: 'Mr. Chambers, of the Sixth Auditor's office, . . . says that he never thought it was written entirely by Franklin, and that the statement in the circular to that effect was not authorized.' The man who sold the bogus fac-similes was W. W. Cox, for many years chief messenger of the Sixth Auditor's office, who died on the 12th of last January, leaving a number of the lithographs to his children.

—Hegel's *Æsthetics*, edited by Prof. J. S. Kedney, the fourth volume in Griggs's German Philosophical Series, will be issued early in April.

—Anybody who has 25cts. of our depressed and depreciated silver—and we trust that 'anybody' means 'many'—could not do better than invest it forthwith in Nos. 1 and 2 of Mr. W. R. Jenkins's *Contes Choisis*, the selection being this time About's short 'La Mère de la Marquise' and Daudet's 'Le Siège de Berlin' and other tales. The form of these little story-books is most attractive and the print all that could be desired. Mr. Jenkins is certainly doing all that one man can do to furnish good 'clean French literature to read.' It may be possible after a while to imitate in this series one of the famous Universal Bibliotheken that exist over the water.

—Hereafter *The American Queen* will be known as *Town Topics*. Mr. James B. Townsend, editor of the newly christened journal, is also the president of the company that publishes it.

—Mr. Woodrow, the author of 'Congressional Government,' is only twenty-eight years old, a Southerner by birth, and a graduate of Princeton College. He has just been elected Professor of History in the Bryn Mawr College for Women.

—Keats's love-letters to Fanny Brawne, sold recently at auction in London, numbered thirty-five. The sale was thinly attended, but the prices obtained for the collection were high throughout, not one selling for less than £8 15s., the average being above £15, several bringing £20, and the last two in the collection £34 and £39. The total realized was about \$2700. We trust no good will come of it to the person into whose pocket it goes.

—Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce a series of volumes in which the 'story' of each of the great nations will be told. To quote from their prospectus: 'It will be the plan of the writers of the different volumes to enter into the real life of the peoples and to bring them before the reader as they actually lived, labored and struggled—as they studied and wrote, and as they amused themselves. In carrying out this plan, the myths, with which the history of all lands begins, will not be overlooked, though these will be carefully distinguished from the actual history, so far as the labors of the accepted historical authorities have resulted in definite conclusions.' It is hoped to publish this year the story of Greece, by Prof. J. A. Harrison, of Rome, by Arthur Gilman, and of the Jews, by Prof. J. K. Hosmer. Prof. Charlton T. Lewis will tell the story of Byzantium, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett of the Normans, Prof. H. H. Boyesen, of Norway, and the Rev. E. E. and Miss Susan Hale of Spain. The series promises to be a most interesting and valuable one. The volumes will be sold separately, and at a reasonable price.

—In a letter to *The Brooklyn Magazine* on the subject of his financial status, Mr. Tupper says: 'Lately some influential friends, knowing my difficulties, got up in my behalf a so-called Testimonial, but as the effort was not very successful and I did not get more than two-thirds of the nominal subscriptions, and as moreover all were absorbed in honest debts, the present result is nil; except indeed that the subscription list may still be added to (through Messrs. Hoares, Bankers, 37 Fleet Street, London), and that many of my patrons, as well as myself, will rejoice to hear of some financial response from America, where (as you remind me) I have so many friends able and willing to acknowledge that I have done both hemispheres some service.'

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 908.—I have in my possession the original draft of the following lines written by T. Buchanan Read. Can you inform me whether they appear among his published poems?

We nightly die ourselves to sleep,
Then wherefore fear we Death?
'Tis but a slumber still more deep,
And undisturbed by breath.
We daily waken to the light,
When Morning walks her way,
Then wherefore doubt Death's longer night
Shall bring a brighter day?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

L. M. W.

[These two stanzas, under the heading 'The Sleep of Death,' appear as the last poem but one in Lippincott's complete edition of Read's Poetical Works, Philadelphia, 1888.]

No. 909.—Was Van Brugh the architect—referred to by Americanus in his letter concerning Mr. Gosse and the Philadelphia City Hall—the same who wrote 'The Relapse'?

MCCONNELLSVILLE, O.

R. L. M.

[Dr. Allibone's thorough account of Sir John Van Brugh mentions his plays, all comedies save one, criticises his literary merit, and, describing his fame as an architect, quotes the couplet mentioned by Americanus. He states that 'The Relapse; or, Virtue in Danger,' 1697, 4°, was altered by Sheridan, 1777, to 'A Trip to Scarborough,' 1781, 8°.]

No. 910.—Can any one tell me where I can buy cheap second-hand editions of the following books? 1. Veitch's 'Greek Verbs, Irregular and Defective.' 2. Schmidt's 'Rhythmic and Metric,' translated by Prof. J. W. White. 3. Key to Anthon's 'Latin Prose Composition.' 4. Key to Anthon's 'Greek Prose Composition.'

BREATHESVILLE, MD.

F. T. McK.

No. 911.—How do you pronounce Omar Khayyam?

XENIA, ILL.

J. B. B.

[Omar Kiyam, without laying more stress on one syllable than on another. How Omar himself pronounced it is another question, and one that we could not answer so easily.]

ANSWERS.

No. 893.—From Dr. F. L. Ritter's new illustrated work, 'The Realm of Tones,' which contains a portrait of the composer, Sydney Smith, I learn that he was born at Dorchester, Eng., in 1886, and educated at the Leipzig Conservatory. He is counted as one of the 'young' English school, of the Sullivan stamp.

WINCHESTER.

S. L. BELL.

No. 895.—I have a copy of the poem, 'The Deathless City,' which the editor of *Good Literature* kindly sent to me in 1883. If W. S. W. desires it, I will send him a duplicate. The poem was written by Elizabeth Akers Allen.

PRIOR LAKE, MINN.

A. R. BOLLES.

No. 898.—The lines C. P. quotes are by J. G. Holland, and can be found on page 118 of 'Kathrina.'

CHICAGO, ILL.

LESTER GOODMAN.

No. 900.—If S. N. K. will send me his name, I will take pleasure in forwarding to him a copy of *The Living Age* containing a paper on Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh.

5 BOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

J. ROSEVELT GLEASON.

No. 900.—See 'Rab's Friends,' by Andrew Lang, in *The Century* for Dec., 1882; also an article reprinted from *The Spectator* in *Good Literature*, June 17, 1882.

GOWANDA, N. Y.

A. R. ROBINSON.

No. 900.—Dr. Albert F. Blaisdell gives a brief sketch of Dr. Brown in the introduction to an edition of 'Rab and His Friends' published in Clark & Maynard's English Classics.